

SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1789.

THE

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New-York Weekly Museum.

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ASSIZE of B R E A D,

Established in Common Council, Dec. 5, 1787.
A Loaf of inspected superfine Wheat Flour, to weigh Two Pounds Five Ounces, for Six-Pence.

A Loaf of Rye Flour, to weigh One Pound Twelve Ounces, for Three Pence.



From the L O U N G E R.

The F A I T H F U L D O M E S T I C, or the STORY of A L B E R T B A N E.

* * * * * N treating of the moral duties which apply to different relations of life, men of humanity and feeling have not forgotten to mention those which are due from Masters to Servants. Nothing indeed can be more natural than the attachment and regard to which the faithful services of our domestics are entitled; the connection grows up, like all the other family-charities, in early life, and is only extinguished by those corruptions which blunt the others, by pride, by folly, by dissipation, or by vice.

I hold it indeed as the true sign of a mind not poised as it ought to be, if it is insensible to the pleasures of home, to the little joys and endearments of a family, to the affection of relations, to the fidelity of domestics. Next to being well with his own conscience, the friendship and attachment of a man's family and dependents seems to me one of the most comfortable circumstances in his lot. His situation with regard to either, form, that sort of bosom comfort or quiet that sticks close to him at all times and seasons, and which, though he may now and then forget it amidst the bustle of publick, or the hurry of active life, will resume its place in his thoughts, and its permanent effects on his happiness, at every pause of ambition or of business.

In situations and with dispositions such as mine, there is perhaps less merit in feeling the benevolent attachment to which I allude, than in those of persons of more bustling lives, and more dissipated attentions. To the Lounger, the home which receives him from the indifference of the circles in which he sometimes loiters his time, is naturally felt as a place of comfort and protection; and an elderly man-servant, whom I think I govern quietly and gently, but who perhaps quietly and gently governs me, I naturally regard as a tried and valuable friend. Few people will perhaps perfectly understand the feeling I experience when I knock at my door, after any occasional absence, and hear the hurried step of Peter on the stairs; when I see the glad face with which he receives me, and the look of honest joy with which he pats Caesar (a Pomeranian dog who attends me in all my excursions) on the head, as if to mark his kind reception of him too; when he tells me he knew my rap, undid his master's buttons, and my health, opens the door of my room, which he

has arranged for my reception, places my slippers before the fire, and draws my elbow-chair to its usual stand; I confess I sit down in it with a self-complacency which I am vain enough to think a bad man were incapable of feeling.

It appears to me a very pernicious mistake, which I have sometimes seen parents guilty of in the education of their children, to encourage and incite in them a haughty and despotic behaviour to their servants; to teach them an early conceit of the difference of their conditions; to accustom them to consider the services of their attendants as perfectly compensated by the wages they receive, and as unworthy of any return of kindness, attention, or complacency. Something of this kind must indeed necessarily happen in the great and fluctuating establishments of fashionable life; but I am sorry to see it of late gaining ground in the country of Scotland, where, from particular circumstances, the virtues and fidelity of a great man's household were wont to be conspicuous, and exertions of friendship and magnanimity in the cause of a master used to be cited among the traditional memorabilia of most old families.

When I was, last autumn, at my friend Colonel Caufic's in the country, I saw there, on a visit to Miss Caufic, a young Gentleman and his sister, children of a neighbour of the Colonel's, with whose appearance and manner I was peculiarly pleased.—"The history of their parents," said my friend, "is somewhat particular, and I love to tell it, as I do every thing that is to the honour of our nature. Man is so poor a thing taken in the gross, that when I meet with an instance of nobleness in detail, I am fain to rest upon it long, and to recall it often; as, in coming hither over our barren hills, you would look with double delight on a spot of cultivation or of beauty.

"The father of those young folks, whose looks you were struck with, was a gentleman of considerable domains and extensive influence on the northern frontier of our county. In his youth he lived, as it was then more the fashion than it is now, at the seat of his ancestors, surrounded with Gothic grandeur, and compassed with feudal followers and dependents, all of whom could trace their connection, at a period more or less remote, with the family of their chief. Every domestic in his house bore the family-name, and looked on himself as in a certain degree partaking its dignity, and sharing its fortunes. Of these, one was in a particular manner the favorite of his master. Albert Bane (the firname, you know, is generally lost in a name descriptive of the individual) had been his companion from his infancy. Of an age so much more advanced as to enable him to be a sort of tutor to his youthful Lord, Albert had early taught him the rural exercises and amusements, in which himself was eminently skilful; he had attended him in the course of his education at home, of his travels abroad, and was still the constant companion of his excursions, and the associate of his sports.

"On one of those latter occasions, the dog of Albert's master he

had or whose qualities he w

ritated at the disappointment, and having his gun ready cocked in his hand, fired at the animal, which, however, in the hurry of his resentment, he missed. Albert, to whom Oscar was as a child, remonstrated against the rashness of the deed, in a manner rather too warm for his master, ruffled as he was with the accident, and conscious of being in the wrong, to bear. In his passion he struck his faithful attendant; who suffered the indignity in silence, and retiring, rather in grief than in anger, left his native country that very night; and when he reached the nearest town, enlisted with a recruiting party of a regiment then on foreign service. It was in the beginning of the war with France which broke out in 1744, rendered remarkable for the rebellion which the policy of the French court excited, in which some of the first families of the Highlands were unfortunately engaged. Among those who joined the standard of Charles, was the master of Albert.

"After the battle of Culloden, so fatal to that party this gentleman, along with others who had escaped the slaughter of the field, sheltered themselves from the rage of the unsparing soldiery, among the distant recesses of their country. To him his native mountains offered an asylum; and thither he naturally fled for protection. Acquainted, in the pursuits of the chase, with every secret path and unworn track, he lived for a considerable time, like the deer of his forest, close hid all day, and only venturing down at the fall of evening, to obtain from some of his cottagers, whose fidelity he could trust, a scanty and precarious support. I have often heard him, for he is one of my oldest acquaintances, describe the scene of his hiding-place, at a later period, when he could recollect it in its sublimity, without its horror.—"At times," said he, "when I ventured to the edge of the wood, among some of those inaccessible crags which you remember a few miles from my house, I have heard, in the pauses of the breeze which rolled solemn through the pines beneath me, the distant voices of the soldiers, shouting in answer to one another amidst their inhuman search. I have heard their shouts re-echoed from cliff to cliff, and seen reflected from the deep still lake below, the gleam of those fires which consumed the cottages of my people. Sometimes shame and indignation well nigh overcame my fear, and I have prepared to rush down the steep, unarmed as I was, and to die at once by the swords of my enemies; but the instinctive love of life prevailed, and starting as the roe bounded by me, I have again struck back to the shelter I had left."

"One day," continued he, "the noise was nearer than usual; and at last, from the cave in which I lay, I heard the parties immediately below so close upon me, that I could distinguish the words they spoke. After some time of horrible suspense, the voices grew weaker and more distant; and at last I heard them die away at the further end of the wood. I rose and stole to the mouth of the cave; then suddenly a dog met me, and gave that sharp bark by which to indicate their prey. And in the terror of surprise

discover that the dog was *Oscar*; and I own to you I felt his appearance like the retribution of justice and of Heaven.—Stand! cried a threatening voice, and a soldier pressed through the thicket, with his bayonet charged.—It was Albert! Shame, confusion, and remorse, stopped my utterance, and I stood motionless before him.—“My master,” said he, with the stilled voice of wonder and of fear, and threw himself at my feet. I had recovered my recollection. “You are revenged,” said I, “and I am your prisoner.”—“Revenged! Alas! you have judged too hardly of me; I have not had one happy day since that fatal one on which I left my master; but I have lived, I hope, to save him. The party to which I belong are passed; for I lingered behind them among those woods and rocks which I remembered so well in happier days.—There is, however, no time to be lost. In a few hours this wood will blaze, though they do not suspect that it shelters you. Take my dress, which may help your escape, and I will endeavour to dispose of yours. On the coast, to the westward, we have learned there is a small party of your friends, which, by following the river's track till dusk, and then striking over the shoulder of the hill, you may join without much danger of discovery.”—“I felt the disgrace of owing so much to him I had injured, and remonstrated against exposing him to such eminent danger of its being known that he had favoured my escape, which, from the temper of his commander, I knew would be instant death. Alerto, in an agony of fear and distress, besought me to think only of my own safety.—“Save us both,” said he, “for if you die, I cannot live. Perhaps we may meet again; but whatever becomes of Albert, may the blessing of God be with his master!”

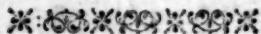
Albert's prayer was heard. His master, by the exercise of talents which, though he had always possessed, adversity only taught him to use, acquired abroad a station of equal honour and emolument; and when the proscriptions of party had ceased, returned home to his own country, where he found Albert advanced to the rank of a Lieutenant in the army, to which his valour and merit had raised him, married to a Lady, by whom he had got some little fortune, and the father of an only daughter, for whom nature had done much, and to whose native endowments it was the chief study and delight of her parents to add every thing that art could bestow. The gratitude of the chief was only equalled by the happiness of his follower, whose honest pride was not long after gratified; by his daughter's becoming the wife of that master whom his generous fidelity had saved. That master, by the clemency of more indulgent and liberal times, was again restored to the domain of his ancestors, and had the satisfaction of seeing the grandson of Albert enjoy the hereditary birthright of his race. I accompanied Colonel Cautic on a visit to this gentleman's house, and was delighted to observe his grateful attention to his father-in-law, as well as the unassuming happiness of the good old man, conscious of the perfect reward which his former fidelity had met with. Nor did it escape my notice, that the sweet boy and girl, who had been our guests at the Colonel's, had a favourite brown and white spaniel, whom they caressed much after dinner, whose name was *Oscar*.

S A R A H.

A SENTIMENTAL FRAGMENT.

“And I hope that heaven will hear my complaint when a father turns his ear. Can I hope that that will relieve a child, whose mother has forsaken? To what corner of the wide world can I turn for succor?”

The seducer is far off, and thinks not of me, perhaps exults in my undoing. Death, the terror of the world, is deaf to my petition; and while he lays the happy low, refuses to grant the boon to misery. I talk a grave, and it is denied me. Heaven send me a friend! said Sarah, with tears streaming down her cheeks;—and a friend it has sent thee, said an elderly gentleman, who was taking a walk in the field where this unfortunate creature was lamenting her fate, and as he raised her from the ground on which she knelt in despair; I have heard thy complaint, said he, and am come to relieve thee!—he took Sarah to his home, and wept as she told her story. It was a tale of virtue undone by the seductions of love: it was the history of a father; it was the cruel picture of a mother, who forced an innocent, bleeding victim to the altar of prostitution.—I will see thy father, said Acasto, and tell thy disconsolate state to thy mother, and bear thee back to thy paternal roof; but he saw the father relentless, and told the sad tale to the mother in vain; the door of Sarah's paternal roof was for ever shut against her. But mine, said Acasto, shall be open to thee; I will give thee the protection thy unnatural parents deny thee; but know, that while they wear their grey hairs in sorrow, thy auburn tresses shall flow round the brow of content, and the effectual constitution of thy wounded spirit shall establish thy happiness forever.



The F O O L, NUMBER XII.

A Veteran in the service of Fortune, once gave me the following Epigram, made over a glass of wine:

They call thee, Fortune, fickle and untrue; But, I thy judge, say they wrong thee or thy due: Constant to me, in giving care and pain, They call thee what I wish thee all in vain.

He had indeed run through a variety of sorrowful changes, and yet was a man of temperance and frugality, and free from any apparent vice. But nevertheless, I told him the future was forced and ill-concerted. Fortune, said I, has nothing to do in your affairs: and if by Fortune you would design Providence, as I am sure you do not, you will find the wit quite abhorred in prophaneness. I shewed him he carried about with him the very root and cause of all he complained of. You confided too much said I, in such as deceived you: It was just in Providence to let you see your errors, and sure you will acknowledge it very bountiful in giving you opportunities of correcting them.—Then I reminded him of his acquaintance Flavio, who complained of Fortune's changeableness as much as he. From as hopeful circumstances as a young man could be in, he, through vanity, want of consideration, and a too-easy temper, was soon brought into the clutches of gamblers and sharers, where he was stripped of every foot of land, and all he had. He then became partner of a gaming table; but, being soon disturbed in his new employment by the justices, he took himself to the business of a tapster. (Thus Hamlet, by a long concatenation of causes, makes Alexander the Great at last an useful part of the creation, in composing the bung of a beer barrel.) Now are not every one of those miseries of Flavio's own making?

There is a vast difference to be made between the agonies of suffering virtue and vice; yet I most virtuous man from complaint, and perfect his patience by perfections, numerous, perhaps nameless, refiguration of himself, not

into the hands of Fortune but of Providence. The vicissitudes of Fortune are, in this case, so far from being to be looked upon as blemishes, that the wisest and best will esteem them as the principal end of divine appointment, useful to considering mankind.

H.
New-York, January 14, 1789.

Foreign Intelligence.

L O N D O N, O C T. 30.

As affairs begin now to develope themselves, it appears that Catherine II. and Joseph II. have been but the tools of abler politicians in the commencement of the present war. Their power was immense, and if united might have overtaken some of their neighbouring states. A war was therefore conjured up, which will be carried on until the two Imperial States are thinned, and their treasuries exhausted; when that is attained, Europe may expect to see peace. The bulk of the English nation, as well as of the subjects of Prussia, are for peace; Spain speaks with plegmatic firmness; the King of Sweden has acted the part, for the playing of which he was paid, and his friends will be able to bring him out of the scrape without dishonouring him.

At seven o'clock on Monday morning last the remains of the late John Winton, of Southover, Esq. were interred in the family vault in the church of that place. Mr. Winton's age, added to the age of the strong beer that was served round at his funeral made together 152 years. Mr. Winton being born in 1694, and his strong beer brewed in 1734, which proves the deceased to have been 64 years of age, and his funeral beverages 58 years old.

Extract of a private letter from Constantinople, Sept. 12.

“The favourite litter of the Grand Signor is dead. This Prince was possessed of a very considerable revenue, arising from the productions of Chio, and of several other Islands belonging to the Archipelago. Having been a great economist, she has left behind her an immense treasure, amounting, it is said, to not less than thirty millions of piastres. In the present situation of affairs, this is a most fortunate event for the Sublime Porte, when engaged in a very expensive war with two powerful empires; nor do the Ottoman Ministers scruple to pronounce the bequest of the deceased Prince a present to them from Heaven at the express solicitation of the Prophet.

—But alas! so little are they satisfied with this unexpected boon, that they have wantonly picked a quarrel with a merchant of the name of Scavani, who had been the money agent of the departed Sultana. After having by their own will and authority, convicted him of peculation extortion, &c. &c. they caused him to be immediately strangled, and have since confiscated his effects, which is said to amount to above two millions of piastres.”

From Croatia we learn, that Marshal Landohn, having repulsed the Basha of Travenick, in his attack on the Austrians before Novi, and afterwards made a practicable breach in the walls of that fortress attempted, on the 21st of September, to take it by assault, but met with so very brave a resistance, that he was compelled to abandon his enterprise, and to confine his operations to a regular siege. The loss of the Austrians in his assault amounted to 71 men killed, and 215 wounded.

The garrison of Choczim, consisting of about 3000 men, marched out on the 29th of September, with the honours of war, pursuant to capitulation.

American Intelligence.

N A S S, A U., (N. P.) Nov. 15.

The schooner Coats, G. Howell master, left Antigua, for this port, the 21st of October last, and had favorable weather to lat. 22° 29', where she was attacked by a very violent gale of wind; the master imprudently carrying on her, it is supposed occasioned one of her butts starting. The leak gaining upon her fast, all hands were employed in pumping and bailing, and got the boat ready to leave the vessel;—through mere dint of perseverance, was kept above water till the 1st instant, when they made Abaca, the water then being up to the comings of the hatch. There being no hopes of saving the vessel, it was determined to run her on shore, in order to save the lives of those on board, but she was so full of water as to render that impracticable: anchored outside of the reef, and launched the boat, into which Mr. John Johnston, Mr. Robert Mack, and five negroes went, and carried some baggage; the master and mate refused to accompany them although several times asked. With much difficulty the boat gained the shore; an attempt was made to fend her back to the vessel, to rescue the master and mate, but the high wind and sea prevented its being effected. About 5 P. M. the mate quitted the wreck, and swam to the shore. Mr. Johnston and Mr. Mack were fortunately on the beach to receive him, otherwise he must have perished, being quite exhausted—the master clung to the mainmast. Night coming on, they set out in quest of some habitation, and they fortunately fell in with a negro belonging to Mr. Taylor, who conducted them to his master's house, where they experienced the greatest kindness and hospitality. The morning after, the corpse of the master, much bruised and disfigured, was found on the shore.

B O S T O N, December 18.

We hear from the North Parish, in Bridgewater, that last Saturday an apprentice to Mr. James Perkins, a lad about 14 years of age, named Ephraim Groves, being under the spindle of a grindstone which was going by water, had the hair of his head caught by the spindle, wound around it, and drawn with such force, as to tear off all the skin where his hair grew, and from his forehead down to his eyes, taking off his eye brows and one of his ears; after the lad was taken care of, the scalp was taken from the spindle, about which it was tightly wound, and measured and found to be 18 inches one way, and 15 the other.—He received no other injury, and is at present so comfortable, that there is some hopes that he may recover from this very painful, affecting, and hazardous disaster.

N E W - Y O R K, JANUARY 17.

On Saturday the 27th ult. about 12 o'clock at night, the schooner Mary and Ann, Captain Ephraim Dean, on her passage from Annapolis, in Nova-Scotia, to Philadelphia, ran ashore on the East Beach at Little Egg Harbour; she started several planks, and soon filled, the crew, consisting of the Captain and three hands, and Mrs. Esther Randal and her two small children, were exposed to the storm on the quarter-deck till the

next day, when the men swam to the beach, but there being no house on that part of the beach, they continued there till near sun-set; when, by accident, a gunning boat came to their relief, took the woman and her children from on board, and the men from the beach, and brought them safe on shore. The cargo consisted of fish, part of which was saved, but the vessel is thought to be lost; she had been out seven weeks.

The following is the number of SEA VESSELS which have arrived in the port of New-York, from the 1st of January 1788, to the 1st of January 1789.

110 Ships.
198 Brigs.
9 Snows.
184 Schooners.
451 Sloops.

Extract of a letter from Boston, Jan. 7.

On the evening of the 24th ult. two schooners, between 40 and 50 tons each, loaded with wood from the earlward, struck on the outer sunken breaker, near the mouth of Salem harbour, and soon filled, which obliged the men (six or seven) to take to their boats, who, in the course of the night, reached Half-Way Rock, and the next morning arrived at Marblehead, one of them being much frozen.—Captain Chambers and others afforded them all the assistance in their power, but the wind was such as rendered it impossible for the vessel to reach the harbour, and soon after was driven on the neck, where one is all to pieces, and the other not worth repairing. One of the vessels, we hear, belongs to Plymouth, and the other to Cohasset."

From undoubted authority, we can assure our readers, that the British government of the Bahamas has lately sent, and caused to be landed on a certain point in Georgia, a fresh supply of powder, arms, and a few small field pieces, which stores have been delivered to the Greeks, under the safeguard of some refugees.—McGillivray has at the same time received the most positive assurances of further assistance, should he continue to harass the state of Georgia, whilst *** under the garb of good patriots, will take upon themselves to keep up and feed the misunderstanding between that state and the Creek nation.

From Kentucky we are informed also, that offers of a similar nature from Canada, have been made to the most influential characters in that country, should they think of asserting and declaring their independency without waiting for the consent of Congress.

Extract of a letter from Richmond, in Virginia, dated November 22.

On Tuesday the 18th ult. Mr. Soha Stark, a reputable young man of this country, was solicited by his brother-in-law (Thomas Williamson) to go into an island at Westham, a hunting, which he readily agreed to, and went off for that purpose; a few hours after Williamson was seen coming out of the Island, and being asked what had become of Stark? he replied, that some stranger had detained him to hunt. Several days having passed away and no tidings of Mr. Stark, his friends began to be very uneasy, and got a party to go on the island in quest of him; they had not proceeded far before they discovered his body in a mangled condition, having a ball in his body, several wounds in the back of his head, one in his face between his eyes, and one on his back, near where the bullet entered, supposed to be done with a tomahawk. A jury was summoned who brought in their verdict wilful murder. Williamson was on the same evening apprehended in Hanover, and is now safely lodged in gaol for trial by an examining court.

Married on the 29th of December last, by the Reverend, Mr. Nathan Kerr, Farmer GEORGE FLEMING of the Manor of Fleming, in Sugarloafburgh, Orange county, to the amiable Miss PHOEBE YELVERTON, daughter of Abijah Yelverton, late of Goshen, Esq. deceased—A Lady possessing every qualification of beauty and disposition necessary to render the married state happy.—

" Blest period of my life!

" I saw it as a distant eminence :

" Now smiling love shall lead us hand in hand,

" O'er blooming regions of connubial joy ;

" Now—lovely fair one, Now—God speed our way !

" Oh ! now adieu to groans, and tears and sighs,

" We'll trip along the flow'ry vale of life,

" And sing, and dance, and sport away our cares."

A R R I V A L S since our last.

Brig Polly, Green, Copenhagen.

Sloop Orange, Griffo, Martinico.

=====

For St. C R O I X,

T HE Schooner St. Croix, Capt. Clough, a very good vessel, well found, now ready to take in, and will sail in the course of fourteen days. For freight or passage apply to the Captain on board, at Murray's wharf, or to LUDLOW & GOOLD

For St. T H O M A S,

T HE Brig Patty, Capt. Mallaby, will sail with all convenient speed. For freight or passage apply to the Captain on board, at Murray's wharf, or to LUDLOW & GOOLD.

Who have just imported in the said vessel, Fuffie, Liqueur, St. Domingo Mincing and Hides.

Either of the above vessels will take freight for St. Bartholomew's or St. Eustatius, should a sufficient one offer.

Jan. 16.

T O B E S O L D,

On easy terms of payment, or
T O B E L E T,
On improving leases for a suitable time,
S EVERAL very valuable bodies of Land, in the states of New-York and Pennsylvania, near the boundary line. They lay very conveniently for the navigation of Delaware and Susquehanna, and are all adjacent to, or intersected by the new roads in Pennsylvania to the state line and Teoga. These lands abound with mill seats, and meadow ground. Those in Pennsylvania are free from quit rent. Lots will be given to the settlers for places of worship and school-houses. Apply at No. 47, Wall-street, New-York, to
Dec. 23, 1788. LUDLOW & GOOLD.

B L A N K S

Of all Kinds, to be had at the Printing-Office, No. 3, Peck-street.

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The COURT of APOLLO.

CHEEK KISSING.

SINCE days of Adam, 'till of late,
The lips have ever been the seat
Of those dear little balmy-blisses
To which we gave the name of kisses :
Howe'er the wanton fancy rang'd
In search of passions; this ne'er chang'd.
But now some witty modern trick
Transferr'd the kiss into the cheek:
We're now saluted by the kissers,
As if they meant to whisper kitties :
To which, what causes me to combine,
The muse endeavour'd to assign.
Females have still as much or more,
Of love as ever heretofore;
But now their tender sickly mould,
Unlike the vig'rous dames of old,
Is with the warmth of passion burn'd;
Their hearts are sick; their heads are turn'd;
So Betsy goes to kiss her spa;
Ith lips, but canhot hit the mark.

Thus hath a man pull'd forth his dagger,
When vi'lent rage hath made him stagger,
Intending, at one fatal blow,
To pierce the bowels of his foe;
When, rising with a furious bound,
Aim'd at the see, but struck the ground;
For love and rage become the leis,
When either's cur'd to excess;

Love, when too strong, and rage no harm;
That guides the head, or rules the arm.
Merhynke, the caue you have assign'd,
Says D., is somewhat too refin'd :
Besides your simile wou'd prove,
From rage, the soft effects of love :
Let I should think this fashion comes
From some defect in breath or gums;
For gums that are decay'd are such
As will not bear too hard a touch;
And when the breath is ill perfum'd,
A liberty may be assum'd
To turn aside, that as it flows
The scented whiff may 'scape the nose.

But she whom pride did never scour,
Whose breath 'vas sweet as th' opening flow'r,
Whose raby lips were soft and sleek,
Was ne'er the first that turn'd the cheek.

A N E C D O T E.

WHEN Sir Godfrey Kneller came into very high reputation, a certain Alderman came to be painted by this artist, and as usual, paid him down half the price in guineas. Sir Godfrey, after several times touching the canvas with the chalk, and rubbing it out, very deliberately laid it aside, and pulling out the guineas he had just received, said the alderman to re-pocket them. The latter starting, For what did you give me these guineas? said Sir Godfrey.—To draw my face, to be sure, an' over the sober.—But by G., replies the painter, you have no face to draw;—get you gone, get you gone.

THE MORALIST.

MISTERIES.

IT is with our understandings as with our eyes; both have their mysteries, both have objects beyond their reach; some accidentally, some absolutely. We see not those objects that are placed in an obscure light, because there is a defect in the medium; we see not those that are vifed with too much light, because there is a weakness in the sensor, unable to sustain such strong impressions. Thus it is with the objects of our understanding; some things we know not, for want of being duly informed. Salvation was a mystery to the geniuses; but ceased so to be, when revealed by the Gospel. Other things we know not, because they exceed the measure of our comprehension. Thus some articles of our faith are such mysteries, as by no revelation can cease to be so. They must be mysteries while men are men; while yet unblasted with powers that are not indulged to this imperfect state. As it is bold and vain, so, perhaps, it has ever been prejudicial to the truth, to labour at rational victions of sacred mysteries: for by these means, men attempt to comprehend the divine nature, by putting it under some injurious disguise; as we venture to gaze at the sun, after we have watched it in a cloud.

By order of the Hon. John Sloane Hobart, Esq. one of the Justices of the Supreme Court of Judicature of the State of New-York:

NOTICE is hereby given to John Freebody, of New-Port, in the State of Rhode-Island, an absent debtor, and all others whom it may concern, that on application of one of the creditors of the said John Freebody to the said Justice, and is pursuance of an act of the people of the state of New-York represented in Senate and Assembly, entitled, "An act for the relief of aifl affreaging and absent debtors," on the 21st day of October, 1788—the said Justice hath directed all the estate, real and personal, of the said John Freebody, within this state, to be seized; and that unless he, the said John Freebody, an absent debtor, as aforesaid, shall return and discharge his debts within one year after the date hereof, all his estate, real and personal, will be sold for the payment and satisfaction of his debts. Dated this 21st day of October, 1788. 29

WANTS EMPLOYMENT.

A Person regularly brought up in the Mercantile line, and well versed in book-keeping and accounts, and who can be well recommended. He will assist any merchant in posting their books, either at their stores, or at his own house. Accounts settled at the shortest notice, in the plainest manner. Enquire at the Printing Office, No. 3, Pick-slip.

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